

Celtic Frost

"This Island Earth"

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Furious the exodus walks
Along the maddening march of death
With the furror and the masses
Whose supremacies is the dominion
Alien bodies stiff and cold
Your inner sane turns numb
You transform into a rage
Too naive to understand
And as they go on the sacrifice grows
We're living on ground zero-fire!
This Island Earth
Target locked, system checked, enter code
We're living on ground zero Fire
Locked up in a room
Human belongs in a cage
The sentence is a scienced death
As they pull the trigger of ray guns
Evil blackened eyes of youth
Absorbing lifes hidden anguish
Death throw all about the ground
Or those who wouldn't fight
We're living on this Island Earth

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